which they were not willing to yield, have betaken themselves to the splendid but uninhabited halls of science, and wander through them in wonder and admiration, but without ever finding, or so much as looking for, a governor to rule or a teacher to instruct, a friend to comfort, or a mediator to intercede for them.*

It is no profane work that is engaged in by those who, in all humility, would endeavour to remove jealousies between parties whom God has joined together, and whom man is not at liberty to put asunder. We are not lowering the dignity of science when we command it to do what all the objects which it looks at and admires do, when we command it to worship God. Nor are we detracting from the honour which is due to religion, when we press it to take science into its service, and accept the homage which it is able to pay. We are seeking to exalt both, when we show how nature conducts man to the threshold of religion, and when from this commanding position we bid him look abroad on the wide territories of nature. We would aid at the same time both religion and science, by removing those prejudices against sacred truth which nature has been employed to foster; and we would accomplish this, not by casting aside and discarding nature, but by rightly interpreting it.

Let not science and religion be reckoned as opposing citadels, frowning defiance upon each other, and their troops brandishing their armour in hostile attitude. They have too many common foes, if they would but think of it, in ignorance and prejudice, in passion and vice, under all their forms, to admit of their lawfully wasting their strength in a useless warfare with each other. Science has a foundation, and so has religion; let them unite their foundations, and the basis will be broader, and they will be two compartments of one great fabric reared to the glory of God. Let the one be the outer and the other the inner court. In the one, let all look, and admire, and adore; and in

the other, let those who have faith kneel, and pray, and praise. Let the one be the sanctuary where human learning may present its richest incense as an offering to God; and the other, the holiest of all, separated from it by a veil now rent in twain, and in which, on a blood-sprinkled mercy-seat, we pour out the love of a reconciled heart, and hear the oracles of the living God.

* See a very melancholy picture of the experience of Jouffroy in his "Melanges Nouvelles."